UNCLE SAM'S FOREST RANGERS

Episode No. 21.

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11:30 to 12:30 A.M. C. D. S. T. JUNE 2, 1932 THURSDAY

ANNOUNCER: Here they are - Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers.

(ORCHESTRA: QUARTET)

ANNOUNCER: We take you now to the national forest where Ranger Jim Robbins is in charge of the Pine Cone District, and young Jerry Quick, who just came on the job a few months ago, is learning the ropes as his assistant. Last week, you will recall, Jim and Jerry with a crew of fire fighters put in a mighty strenuous afternoon corralling a fire which threatened much damage to the Pine Cone district. But the boys stopped the fire and got back to the ranger station for that long postponed dinner. During the week they have been on the alert for fires but at the same time have been busy with other matters, especially grazing work. It is now the time of year for the sheep to move up into the mountains for summer grazing. As the sheep are usually taken to the higher ranges, they come in later in the season than the cattle. So having finished counting in the cattle a couple of weeks ago, Jim and Jerry are now in the midst of the job of counting in sheep. -- Let's see what's going on. -- Here they are in the office of the Pine Cone Ranger Station.

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JIM: Oh Jerry.

JERRY: (off) Yeah?

JIM: Where you going?

JERRY: I thought I'd run down to the post office and get the mail.

JIM: All right -- but just a minute before you go - let me have those sheep count reports.

JERRY: Sure, here they are.

JIM: Let's see, -- There's four more bands to come in yet, aren't there?

JERRY: Yeah. Four more. -- Warner's and Gerson's and Jew-an Josey's --

JIM: (laughs) - You mean Juan Jose.

JERRY: Yeah - That's it. If those Mexican names were only pronounced like they're spelled --

JIM: Oh you'll be talking Spanish with the sheep herders like an old timer before the summer's over.

JERRY: Well, I want to know how to pronounce their names anyway.

JIM: Nice old fellow - Juan. Been running sheep on this forest for years -- even before the national forest was established. (chuckles) But sure as shooting when you visit his sheep camp he'll want to make you a present of a quarter of mutton, so don't forget you can't accept any meat from grazing permittees - even when it's offered out of pure generosity.

JERRY: I know. It might look like he was trying to get special favors.

JIM: That's it. -- Juan never asks any special favors, though. It's just his generous way. Always wanting to give something. --

JERRY: I see -- Well, then there's Pringle. He hasn't brought his sheep up yet either.

JIM: Old Man Pringle always is the last one to come into the forest with his woolies. He's like the sheep's tail - last thing over the fence.

JERRY: Well, that's all the sheep permittees that haven't come in yet.

JIM: Yeah. -- I think I'll let you count in the rest of these woolies by yourself, Jerry. I want to get some camp ground improvement work lined up in the next few days.

JERRY: Okay, Jim. I'm getting pretty good at this sheep counting business if I do say it myself. -- (laughs) I always thought that counting sheep was something you did when you wanted to go to sleep!

JIM: Well, this is one time when you have to stay awake counting sheep. You've got to check the grazing permits pretty carefully and see that the right number of sheep goes in and that all the other provisions are complied with. You know we figure pretty close on how many sheep the range will take care of, and if many more went in the range would be overgrazed.

JERRY: Yes, I know.

JIM: Some of these ranges were overgrazed pretty bad in the old days, and it's taken years of careful regulation to bring 'em back.

JERRY: I guess it was pretty much a free-for-all in the old days.

JIM: It sure was. (chuckles) Those were rough times, too, boy. When I was a younger ranger there was lots of times my wife never knew whether I'd come home on my feet - or feet first. - I remember one time, right after the Fremont County range war when the sheep and cattlemen fought it out. They only knew one way to settle arguments those days - and that was with a rifle or six gun. Then when the Forest Service came and tried to tell the stockmen where to run their cattle and sheep and how many to put on the range, both sides turned against us. The Government land they had been using, and scrapping over among themselves, was put in the national forests and it was up to us rangers to say who would have permits to graze on the forests and how many stock they could take in. (chuckles) You can imagine what they thought of us. Some of them were pioneers who had been accustomed to using all the open range they could get - and hold.

JERRY: I can see where there'd be trouble, all right.

JIM: There sure was. -- Some of the stockmen took it all right. They could see the advantage of regulating the number of stock to the amount of feed so that there would be grass every year on the range instead of a dust heap. But there were others who couldn't see where we fit into the pictures a-tall. No one, not even Uncle Sam was going to tell <u>them</u> what to do.

JERRY: Just selfish and pig-headed!

JIM: No, not exactly that. But they weren't used to the new regulations. There was one man on my district - they called him Pete - that was a plenty tough hombre - no foolin' about that - he had more'n one notch on his gun. Well, the supervisor told me to either get him to take out a grazing permit, or else drive his stock off the forest.

JERRY: That was a sweet job to hand you!

JIM: (chuckles) Well, one spring morning I made a big show of going off for a long pack trip. I had a sort of hunch that Pete would know about it, and would be aimin' to drive his sheep into the forest while I was away. So I doubled back the next morning to where I thought his sheep would be. Sure enough, there they were, stringing across the forest boundary, with a couple of herders and their dogs a drivin' them.

JERRY: What did you do then?

JIM: Well, I bluffed the herders with my gun, and rounded up the sheep and drove them out of the forest a ways, scattering them at the same time, you see. I figured that would keep the herders busy for awhile. Then I went about my business.

JERRY: I bet that made Pete sore.

JIM: (chuckles) Not sore, son. -- Fightin' mad. He threatened to kill me the first time he got a chance - so the neighbors said.

JERRY: Did you report him to the Sheriff?

JIM: No. I figured I could maybe handle him myself. -- Anyhow, a few mornings later, I rode over to his camp early and left my horse down by the creek and walked up to the door, easy like.

JERRY: Say, it must have taken some nerve to walk up to that cabin!

JIM: Well, I wasn't feelin' exactly comfortable-like. -- Anyhow, I got to the door and took a deep breath and stepped in on him. There he was cooking breakfast, and his gun in the holster hanging from a chair across the room. He made a step toward the gun, but I beat him to it - and sat down in the chair.

JERRY: Gee!

JIM: (chuckles) Say, if you ever saw a wild cat treed by a bunch of hound-dogs, you'll know what Pete looked like then. -- But I kept atalkin', as quiet-like as I could, and explaining how the Forest Service was going to give each stockman a square deal, and regulate the use of this range for <u>their</u> benefit. -- Well, after a spell he took his eyes off the gun and began to listen - and pretty soon he started asking some questions. Finally, all of a sudden, he jumped up and reached out - I thought I was in for a fight sure then - but he only stuck out his hand and says "Ranger, shake - let's eat!"

JERRY: Gosh! - Did he take out a permit?

JIM: Sure he did. (chuckles) And from then on he was one of my best friends and a mighty good friend of the Forest Service. He always worked with us in trying to improve the ranges and preserve them for continuous use.

JERRY: Well, times are different now, I guess.

JIM: Yes, things are a little bit different now, Jerry. But the fundamental problems of conservation are about the same, - and there's still plenty of need for courage and firmness and honest hard work in working those problems out. That's why - when we break in young fellows like you -we try to stiffen up their back-bones a little while we harden up their hands.

JERRY: Gee. I sure hope I can made good.

JIM: If you've got it in you, it'll show up, Jerry. --

BESS: (coming up) Oh, Jim.

JIM: Hello, Bess.

BESS: Have you got the mail yet?

JIM: Not yet, Bess. Jerry was starting after it a few minutes ago, but I got started on a story for some reason or other.

BESS: You would. It doesn't take much to start you off on a story, Jim Robbins.

JIM: (chuckles) No. I guess not. -- I was telling Jerry about the time I got acquainted with Pete, the sheepman. -- Remember him?

BESS: I should say I do! I remember how I worried about what might happen to you. Just like I've been having to worry ever since. -- Jerry, you can imagine what it's like to be a Ranger's wife! Jim is always doing something that makes me worry about him.

JIM: Well, anyway, Jerry, Bess has stuck by me all up and down the country all these years - even when we had to live in a tent because there wasn't any ranger station built yet. -- I guess the Rangers aren't the only ones that're called on to show grit.

JERRY: That's right, too. You sure must have been through a lot, Mrs. Robbins.

BESS: Well, it's had it's compensations, Jerry. There's something in knowing that you're helping out in a work that's a public service -- even if you can only help a very little bit.

JIM: It's not such a little bit either, Bess.

JERRY: (after pause) Well, anyhow, Mrs. Robbins, don't you go and discourage Jim from telling stories. I like to hear 'em.

JIM: (chuckles) Better look out. You'll get me started on another one.

JERRY: Shoot.

JIM: No, not now -- only -- (chuckles) speaking of Pete's threatening to shoot the ranger reminds me of --

BESS: (cutting in, laughing) There he goes again.

JERRY: That's all right. Go ahead, Jim.

JIM: (chuckles) Well, you remember Herb Wheeler, Bess?

BESS: Of course I do.

JIM: Herb's in the Washington office now, but he started out on one of the National Forests in Colorado. When he first went in there as a ranger there was a couple of boys in the neighborhood whose reputations weren't any too good. The Jenkins brothers, they called 'em. They were supposed to be pretty handy with a gun. There'd been some talk about cattle rustling around there, with the Jenkins boys' names being mentioned. -- Well, anyhow, these boys got to talking kinda loud around the settlements about how it wasn't going to be healthy for the new ranger. -- But that fall, they had a turkey shoot at one of the settlements, and Herb went down with his rifle, and went into the shooting contests. The Jenkins boys were shootin' too. -- Herb claims he's nothing extra as a rifle shot, but he managed to take first prize in every match he shot in, beating ou the Jenkins brothers along with the rest. (chuckles) After that, nobody heard any more talk from the Jenkins boys, -- which just goes to show that sometimes the bark is louder than the bite.

JERRY: It did that time, all right.

JIM: Herb's father was a preacher, by the way - and now every Memorial Day when he can, Herb visits one of the churches where his father used to serve and plant a tree in his memory.

BESS: That's a nice thing to do, isn't it?

JIM: Yes. A living memorial in each one of his father's old parishes.

BESS: That reminds me. I saw Mrs. Blake this morning, and she said she thought that address you made at the Memorial Day exercises last Monday, when they planted the grove of trees in memory of the Winding Creek boys lost in the war, was simply wonderful.

JERRY: You bet. I thought it was great too. You're quite an orator, Jim.

JIM: Me - an orator? (laughs) Well, what I was trying to get over was that a forest is the finest kind of a memorial -- it can be dedicated to the permanent use of the public, and it will be there always -- perpetually useful and beautiful, because it will renew itself forever, - if it's given a little intelligent care and protection.

JERRY: Protection from fire, of course.

JIM: Certainly -- Well, speaking of fire, -- this forest of ours is getting pretty dry in spite of that little shower we had the other day. It's still bad fire weather.

JERRY: Well, we're ready for any fires. We sure knocked the spots out of that fire that broke out last week, -- didn't we? We had 'er out in almost no time.

JIM: (chuckles) Ever hear the story about the elephant and the flea, Jerry?

JERRY: No. What was that?

JIM: Well, once there was a flea and an elephant that walked across a little bridge, side by side. When they got across, the flea says to the elephant: "Boy," he says, "we sure did shake that bridge."

JERRY: (starts to laugh; stops suddenly) Say -- you mean --

BESS: Now, Jim. That wasn't very nice.

JIM: (chuckles) No. All I mean is that we'd better give our smokechasers and our volunteer help credit for getting that fire under control, Jerry. You did good work all right, but if we hadn't had it would've gotten away from us sure.

JERRY: Yeah. I guess it would've.

JIM: (chuckles) Well, maybe you'd better go get the mail, son.

JERRY: Okay. Anything you want at the store, Mrs. Robbins?

BESS: No thanks, Jerry. I guess not.

JERRY: (going off hastily) All right. I'll be right back.

BESS: He seems to be in a hurry.

JIM: Well, likely he figures he might see Mary, the schoolma'm, down there about this time. (Both laugh)

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JERRY: Hello there. Any mail for the ranger station? -

POSTMASTER: (off) Sure. Here y'are.

JERRY: Thanks. - Gee, there's a bunch of it today. -- Oh, hello Mary.

MARY: (off) Hello Jerry.

JERRY: I kinda thought I might see you here about now.

MARY: (up) Did you? I always stop for mail during the noon hour, you know. - Wait till I see if I have any letters.

JERRY: All right.

MARY: Have you any mail for Miss Halloway?

POSTMASTER: (off) Yes'm. Here y'are.

MARY: Thank you. -- Well, here's a letter from home.

JERRY: Nice to hear from home, isn't it?

MARY: Yes, indeed.

JERRY: Do you get homesick up here in Winding Creek?

MARY: Not very often. My school teaching keeps me too busy to think about it.

JERRY: I bet you make a peach of a school teacher.

MARY: Thank you, its --

VOICE: (OFF) How do you do, Miss Halloway --

MARY: (very sweetly) Oh, how do you do.

JERRY: (Sotto voice) Say, who's that guy you just spoke to?

MARY: Oh that's Mr. Bradley.

JERRY: Who's he?

MARY: Oh, he's very nice. He's stopping at the summer hotel here for a week or two - to do some fishing.

JERRY: (peeved) Fishing, huh? I bet he couldn't pull out a fish if you stuck it on the hook for him.

MARY: Oh, I don't know. He says he's caught quite a few already.

JERRY: He does, huh? Say, look at the swell car he's climbing into. Where did he get that?

MARY: How should I know?

JERRY: What's his business, anyhow?

MARY: I don't believe he has any. They say his father is quite well -- to-do.

JERRY: Yeah? Well you nearly busted your face in two smiling at 'im.

MARY: (getting peeved) Oh, I did, did I? Well, he's a very pleasant young man.

JERRY: How did you come to know him?

MARY: (huffy) Is this a cross examination, Mr. Quick? I don't propose to stand here and answer your silly questions any longer, (going off) Good-bye.

JERRY: (calling after her) Say, Mary -- listen --

(MUSICAL INTERLUDE)

JERRY: (coming up) Hey, Jim.

JIM: Yeah.

JERRY: Here's the mail.

JIM: Thanks, Jerry.

JERRY: Say -- what all is there that you can call a fellow on when he's up in the Forest fishing?

JIM: What d'you mean? The Forest is open to anybody for fishing - in season.

JERRY: I know, but - what's some of the things he might do that you could call him for -- or put him under arrest for?

JIM: Well, he'd be liable to arrest if he caught more than the limit - or dynamited the stream - or if he left without putting out his camp fire. Or you could call him for cleaning his fish in a stream - that's a violation of the sanitary code --- why?

JERRY: Well, there's a guy staying at the hotel over here that I'd sure like to catch doing something like that. I'd --

JIM: (cutting in) Have you any reason to believe he's doing something illegal?

JERRY: N-no, but -- I'd sure like to see him try something.

JIM: Why? What you got against him?

JERRY: Nothing. -- But I don't like his looks. -- And Mary Halloway's been --

JIM: (laughs) Oh, so that's it? (chueckles) He's been shining up to the schoolma'm, eh?

JERRY: Yeah.

JIM: Well, look here, son. Just because you've got a little authority now, don't let it go to your head. In the Forest Service we try to keep people from breaking the rules by showing them in a friendly way that there's a good reason for every rule, instead of following them around waiting for them to do something they shouldn't. You'd better get over that notion of yours about laying for somebody. Your personal likes and dislikes have nothing to do with law enforcement. -- (emphatically) Your job is to enforce the law on this forest impartially and fairly and honestly.

JERRY: Yes, I know it, Jim. -- I guess I was a little hot under the collar.

JIM: So you were. -- (chuckles) But of course if this fellow you speak of does violate any of the forest regulations I reckon we'll have to do something about it.

JERRY: Yeah. -- But I'll play square with him, don't worry, Jim.

(FADEOUT)

ANNOUNCER:

Well, now - it looks like this new comer to Winding Creek has Jerry a little worried. We'll have to leave Jim and Jerry now, though, while they carry on their work of administering and protecting the national forest for another week. Tune in next Thursday at this same hour when they will be with us again.

"Uncle Sam's Forest Rangers" comes to you as a presentation of the National Broadcasting Company with the cooperation of the Forest Service, United States Department of Agriculture. The role of Ranger Jim is played by Harvey Hays. The cast today also included: